SMILE

INDIVIDUALITY COLLECTIVELY REALIZED AND ABANDONED

NEGATION LIVES

"PROLETARIAN POSTURING AND THE STRIKE WHICH NEVER ENDS"

"Censorship is a more populist form of subjectivity than imagination because it does not require the construction of alternative ('imagined') possibilities, only familiarity with existing ones"
-Censorship Leaflet

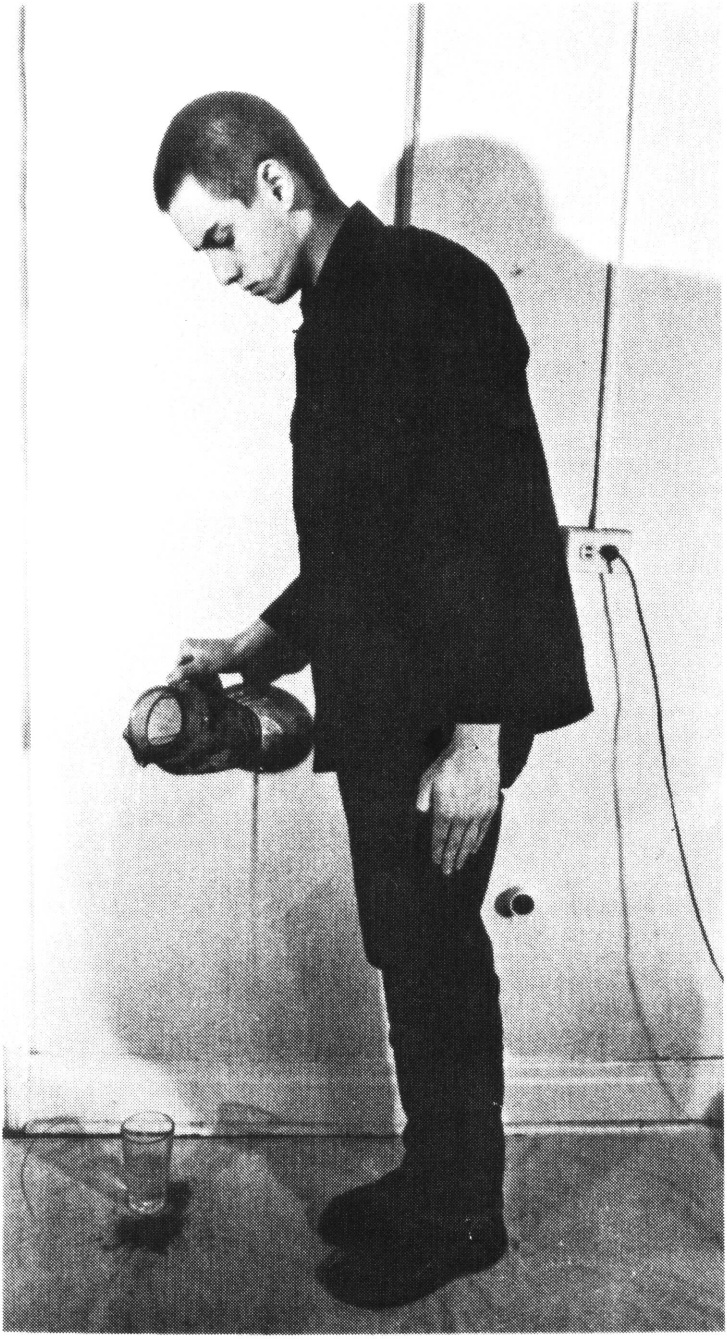
For some time now there has been a momentum of dissident culture, strengthened by conformity, and organized around a seriesb of *attacks* on various subjects. The"material" side of this process has been the creation of events and materials[1] which transmit, in a relatively conventional manner, a collection of attitudes towards various aspects of dominant culture. These attitudes can be simplistically summed-up as distaste for work, production, originality, "high" and "low" culture, and received identies. These elements of social relations are added to the the usual list of exploitations in capitalist society. A variety of experiments have been proposed to investigate the negations of these "abstractions". "Multiple names", anonymity and explicit plagiarism have been used to undermine the idea of identity or ownership in culture. At the same time, participants have been hell-bent on historicizing themselves and their activities, partially in order to insert the discourses into mainstream politics and culture, and perphaps also for reasons which are more unpleasantly in contradiction to their stated aims.

The so-called "Festival(s) of Plagiarism" were essentially an outgrowth of the Neoist Apartment Festivals, collective events which themselves plagiarized the Fluxus Festivals of a few years before. The primary difference between the Festivals of Plagiarism and the Neoist festivals were the Plagiarists intention to focus on a single set of ideas, plagiarism and so forth. Plagiarism had been an element of Neoist activity, but Neoist festivals had and have an omnidirectional character and involved an assortment of experimentation and exotica in presentations, politics and habitation. During the "Festival of Plagiarism" in London, a repetitive critique of "ownership" and "originality" in culture was juxtaposed with collective events, in which a majority of participants did not explicitly agree with the polemics. Many of the participants simply wanted to have their "aesthetic" and vaguely political artwork exposed, and found the festival a receptive vehicle for doing so.

Throughout much of these ideas loomed "abstract" questions of power, even at the level of event organization. In a very obvious way, "activists" were structuring events and language to give weight to a programatic agenda of ideas. At the same time, there was considerable dissent as to what those ideas consisted of. In partial response to this *ironic crisis* a participant from the London Festival organized a Festival of Censorship in Baltimore, during which participants would make presentations in support of censorship and against the idea of the sanctity of information or expression [2]. Support of Censorship logically followed a critical understanding of questions of autonomy and power in culture. In the same way that explicit plagiarism undermined the distinction between production and consumption, explicit censorship attacked the distinction between the creation and destruction of possibilities. The Festival was short and poorly attended, and again,only a few of the participants completely supported its ideological bent. Many of the events were advertised but did not occur. The "value" of either festival was primarily "academic" - feeding discussion around various *issues* rather than creating militant engagement.

A related project is the "Art Strike of 1990-1993" (and related "strikes") which centers around the refusal of the "creative identity". In the time before the Strike, activists have staged disruptions, pickets, interviews and publications. Participants in the Strike refuse to be identified as "creative individuals" in order to investigate the received attitudes in their own identities and to create political polarization within the "art-world". The Strike is also intended to propagandistically demoralize those members of the ruling class who justify their attitudes through culture, by exposing the possibility of 'militant' opposition to them from the usually supportive art-world. The Strike is voluntary self-censorship, attempting to expose some of the possibilities which are socially suppressed by the existence of the "art" context. The Strike is full with contradictions in that it tends to draw attention to those individuals who are organizing it in a way which detracts from its overall purpose. It has been particularly difficult to avoid having individual strikers identified by the media. Many of the supporters of the Strike will cease their activities though they have never considered them art, generalizing the strike to include a total refusal of "creativity". This recognizes the extent to which it is the social perception of identity rather than some "real" absolute identity which is question.Though the questions surrounding the Strike will continue after its inception, for the most part they will have practically ended for participants, who will no longer engage in discourse about culture at all.

1. though these activities *claim* to be open to all, it is apparent that they they tend to attract "individuals" who have a particular intellectual orientation . Beyond the exclusivity of specific ideas, the miileu in which these activities take place has a fairly limited appeal to most people. 2. A Festival Of Non-Participation took place concurrently in Scotland, concerned with "Revolution, Unemployment and Suicide."



Stewart Home performing George Brecht's "Water Symphony" at the Festival Of Plagiarism, Glasgow, Scotland, 1989

CRITICS PRAISE STEWART HOME !

"When Home realized that the small number of *cultural fuck-offs* calling themselves 'The Neoist Cultural Conspiracy' were more interested in having a good time disorienting each other than in pedalling a 'coherent' ideology to a purportedly passive social mass, he came to understand that association with them would never make him the intransigent revolutionary leader he had aspired to be since childhood. He realized that by and large the Neoists were more focused on the details and nuances of altering social reality than in constructing inflexible but 'coherent' identities through language. And while Home took pleasure in disparaging the Neoists, this was precisely to hide the embarrassing similarities between his own methods and those of Neoist strongman Istvan Kantor. Both Kantor and Home tried to rally the uncooperative Neoists around their programs with limited success - since Neoists greatly preferred 'actually experiencing' strange behavior to abstract mystifications, whether those of 'social process' or fascist 'mythology'. Home's frustration with such types had much to do with the economics of the situation - since the very 'bohemian' traits which made Neoism valuable ran contrary to the expectations of the academic leftists whose financial support Home hoped to gain. Neoism was blatantly 'stupid' by the bourgeois standards of the academic art world, and involved pretending to go crazy; an activity which Home found distastefully unprofitable, though he labeled such activity elitist."

"For Home to attend the ICA under the pretense of 'getting his hands dirty', and then criticize Prigent for using the ICA's xerox is typical of the manipulations in which he engages. It is a perfect example of the lack of sympathy often displayed towards those individuals who do not "rigorously carry out" their ideological programs (to what would usually be debilitating conclusions) by other individuals with similar 'failings'. It remains to be known whether Home's 'critical' getting his hands dirty at the ICA will turn up on his CV, as another example of the blatant inconsistencies of his approach - one justified with exactly the same compromises used by those he most strongly criticizes."

"Home's assertion that *his* critical program contains only negations and no alternatives is rubbish. Throughout his work we are exposed to the programs of the redistribution of wealth, polymorphous sexuality, the unitary present and other reductive neo-leftist claptrap. That Home should then introduce Henry Flynt's 'Acognitive Culture' (sic.) is more incoherence. Flynt's ideas are based on philosophy and mathematics, two forms of bourgeois occultism which have no place in the collective revolution of the proletariat. Like Home's, Flynt's *textbook nihilism* is saturated with academic cliches and inconsistencies which make proletarians recoil in boredom. Such abstractions have the same function as advertising or soap operas - to reify a constructed reality threatened by the negative power of those who refuse to do anything at all, the working class."

"They circled around the young Anarchist, their white robes blowing in the breeze. Then the sandals went in - HARD! The satisfying sound of splintering bone in the parking lot. They were the shock troops of the Moorish Science Temple and had no sympathy for the lies of a satanic skinhead, especially a 'communist'. Each of them knew in his heart that it was devilish white-tailed motherfuckers like this that kept the power going - despite whatever lies they would tell you to the contrary - the were THE ENEMY."

A manifesto Of counterrevolutionary Communism.

1. The concept of "Revolution" is inherently "religious' and refers to an unrealizable abstraction. Those who act for the collective transformation of the world must reject the concept of revolution and all other concepts which locate change in an undefined and distant future. Until we have crushed the concept of revolution we will be slaves to history.

2. Dialectics are mystification. It naive to assume that the interaction of ideas within social process will mechanically resolve social contradictions. The concept of historical inevitability is completely laughable. An understanding of "history" shows the accumulation of "contradiction" the identity of which is produced by the logical habits of the observer.

3. The emotional desires which are expressed as "social theories" have never been rigorously "scientific", and it is the worst mystification for revolutionaries to couch their agendas in a "scientific" context. That a "Revolutionary" would want to is indicative of the general lack of critical engagement towards "scientific thought" present in "revolutionary" culture. Science is a fascist ideology which perpetuates itself through a technical eliete that produces "truth" in support of capitalism. It is based on a variety of false premises which remain relatively unchallanged. Most notable is science's reliance on "cause and effect", a warped version of the Capitalist ideology of "idividuality", positing "individual causes" directly linked to individual "effects" within a coherent universe. Though this concept is in practice highly elaborated, it has it roots in the fragmentary worldview transmitted by capitalism. Communists should attempt to collectivize "truth" and overthrow the scientific "knowledge" which has brought destructive technology and industrial slavery.

4. "Revolutionaries" tend to engage the system only within their own minds, creating separate idenities which "self-manage" their alienation. To be a "Revolutionary" is to engage in a nostalgic fascist mythology, part of the entertaining stage-set of the "western world". To achieve change it is imperative that all separate identities be destroyed along with the institutions and attitudes that support them.

5. "Community" is the abstraction by which ethnocentricism is reified on a local scale. The concept of the community, as a abstraction, further situates human life within the comprehensibility of a productive, receptive discourse outside of its own control. To be part of a "community" is to reinforce an identity as alienated as "individual" identity. The resolution of the collectivization of power stands outside the existance of banal and comprehensible cultures.

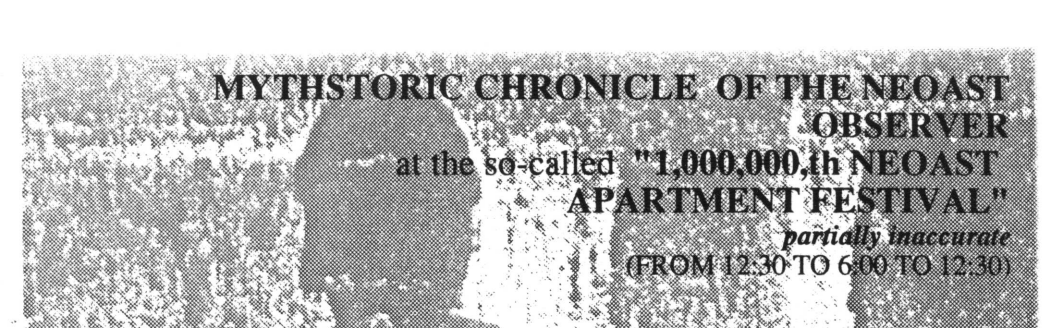
6. Massive change on a local or total level is possible and in process.

MYTHSTORIC CHRONICLE OF THE NEOAST OBSERVER

at the so-called "1,000,000,th NEOAST APARTMENT FESTIVAL"

partially inaccurate

(FROM 12:30 TO 6:00 TO 12:30)



NEOAST WEENIES

My arrival in NYC was dissatisfying. I had intended to leave Baltimore blindfolded, but was unable to find a traveling companion and so made the journey sighted and alone. When I arrived in the city I took the underground to the Lower East Side where I waited on the street for several hours, trying to make contact with members of the Neoast Cultural conspiracy and other friends by telephone; trying to find a place to piss or drop off my bags (including my "Mental Case" - a bag formed from a convoluted *straight*-jacket). On the street I was repeatedly offered Crack & a piece of ass & directions. I gave up trying to find shelter and went to the Rivington Sculpture Garden at 6:00*, where the first public event of the festival was scheduled to take place. A Neoast bonfire. The Garden is a lot taken over by metal obstructions, salvage and debris assembled by members of the Rivington School. The Rivington School is a "street-nationalist" group (from Rivington street) peripherally in league with one of the Monty Cantsins. When I arrived the Garden was dark and a few people were shooting drugs inside - with what appeared a cursory attempt at secrecy. I didn't recognize them and decided to circle around the block, past another small party where some people were laughing and shoving each other around. A few false recognitions on the street later I found Neoasts had arrived in the sculpture garden. They were lighting the campfire under some crates. Present were Theresa Rodrigues and her boyfriend Allen, Torontonians Otelie and her boyfriend the Zealot Gordon W., a Monty Cantsin, Cowboy Ray Kelley of the Rivington school, Matty Jankowski, a person called Jeffrey and a few whose names I didn't hear. Introductions were made in a festive atmosphere with various people standing on a crate placed on top of the fire. Otelie was the longest lasting firewalker, perched a few feet in the air with the flames licking around her feet. Gordon W. played an Indian Kohl Drum with considerable volume as a Monty Cantsin sang what were presumably Hungarian Folk songs and I beat on the metal sculptures around a nonplused audience. A Monty Cantsin proclaimed that "at Rivington, it is always Six-O'clock"*, which was repeatedly expressed throughout the festival. The german Anti-Neoast Stiletto arrived shortly after, carrying an intervolometer. Other projections of the Baltimore Neoast Contingency - Peter Zahorecz (originally from Las Vegas), Debbie Montgomery-Glen (originally from Austin), tENTATIVELY a cONVENIENCE (originally from laquerland) and the formidable Jamaica (originally from Debbie) arrived and discussed with those present the impounding of Debbie's car, which had been relocated by the Police to an area of the city where they were more certain of their sovereignty. This event left them with no certain way of returning to Bal Tim Ore. Conversations then ensued, during which Peter presented me with a french "Verb-finding Wheel" from his special Berlitz Case, and I broke out a body-piercing magazine for general viewing. Photographs of the distended labia of "Mistress Noni" generated some comment among the assembled hangers-on. Theresa seemed inflamed by the idea of being a participant in such marginal somatic alterations. Gordon W. then promised to introduce me to the logician & former associate of Fluxus Henry Flynt sometime during the festival.

TACTICS

Peter Zahorecz cut sterile bandages which I had brought from Bal Tim Ore, and taped them to my eyes with medical tape, over which he fastened a tight blindfold. I am indebted to him for his help. The result of his labor was blindness which endured for the rest of festival, though the blindfold was restored and the bandages replaced daily to avoid eye infection. I could barely perceive changes in illumination from daylight to darkness. From then on, I gave each person I met a numbered ticket imprinted with the legend "**active participant and impartial observer**" and a different number, in order to clarify the roles involved in my meeting them. I agreed with Stiletto to serve as blind cameraman for sections of his autobiographical film, The Prodigal Son. I was then led through a tunnel of fire in the garden. The flames were immense in my mind. Theresa expressed some anxiety about my safety during the festival, but a Monty Cantsin assured her that I "made this kind of *violent* performance all the time".

On the street, sections of Stiletto's film were shot whenever I "saw" anything which interested me.

**I had planned an experiment for the festival in order to test the relativistic delay between time zones by long distance telephone, but ended up forgetting about it. According to Neoasm, it is always 6:00 in the Lower East Side, and always 12:30 in CR(ATER) Bal Tim Ore.*

LESHKOS IN LOISAIDA

The next event of the Festival consisted of dinner in a Ukrainian/Polish restaurant with Peter and Stiletto. A loose conference to adjust the present personalities. Instinctively I realized that Perogies were to (at least temporarily) displace Chapatis as a primary Neoast foodstuff, & so I ordered and ate them. The best technique turned out to be putting each one into my mouth whole and trying to salvage the grease and sour cream with my tongue. Throughout the fest I relied on the falsely evoked sympathy of waiters, who assumed my eyes had been damaged in an accident and were extremely polite. (I chose the perogies which were filled with pot-cheese.)

WHISKEY

That night a vaudeo-evening styled as "Cathodic Convulsion" took place in the Chameleon Club, where participants of the festival assembled to drink and stand or sit in proximity to a large vaudio-projection. After some whoopala, tENTATIVELY presented Vaudie, with the eleven-month-old Jamaica giving a live commentary which was amplified via contact mike. tENTATIVELY encouraged hecklers to get on stage & participate via microphone, & then scolded them for being cowards when they didn't do so. Some members of the "audience" responded angrily to the combination of a "baby" and Tim Ore's *sex and vomit-drenched* public-service-message vaudio. Others responded by directly stimulating my body with their hands, clothing, mouths, tongues, asses, backs, legs, beard, breath and breasts. At the time, this sexual stimulation was so prolonged, intense and omni-directional that I couldn't tell how many people of which genders were engaging me, although I enjoyed this increase in my disorientation. At least one time people were standing on a table. Various other vaudios, including a presentation from Richard Martel ensued in a general atmosphere of anarchy which bordered on normalcy. I assumed I was in the midst of the "fundamental vulgarity of the Rivington School". We were invited by a Monty Cantsin to spend at least a night of the Fest. sleeping in the window of his Apt. Peter, tENT and I readily accepted this idea, but never ultimately did so. A pointless walk to the Gallery ensued, but when we returned to the club I was surprised that it had grown to twice its original size. I then correctly identified the image painted on the back of Ed Higgins' jacket as a "wing-nut" by touch.

UNKNOWN NEOASTS

Sleep was spent that night in the apartment of The Unknown Neoast, who was appropriately unaware of our presence in his domicile as he was in a different country. This had been arranged by another Neoast & we were advised to take full precautions to conceal ourselves. Elaborate traps were set by the door and in the halls to kill or detain the apartment's owner should she arrive prematurely to find all nine of us in occupation like bedouins. The next day a complex command-center was set up to co-ordinate the activities of the festival, with additional telephones and continuous mail-delivery. Debbie spoke (in a disembodied voice) of her ability to pick up radio transmissions with her metal fillings. I began to feel major psychical changes as a result of my visual depravation - depression, introversion a lost sense of the lapsing of time.* We were on the street and met with Gordon W., Theresa and others. Somehow we had left the Apt. and ended up at the "Stockwell Gallery", a structure like a firehouse on the outside & with an interior resembling a Byzantine chapel hung with cloth partitions. I began to hallucinate steadily. I distributed texts which were added to a wall of Neoast *paraganda*. tENTATIVELY crouched next to me on the floor and asked me to sign a contract (which I couldn't see) with my blood. I agreed and he cut my finger with a Swiss-Army knife. Then I was told that the contract legally ensured that I would loan him twenty dollars every day, for the remainder of the festival.

Further Neoast spectacles were being enacted and vaudios shown while Gordon W. prepared an Indian meal for all present. The majority of the previous nights belligerents and more were apparently circulating in the room, where I socialized with vigor, feeling ecstatic & surrounded in invisible & pulsing space. A "Collective" Neoast book was in progress, with pages strewn across the floor and on the walls. Stiletto filmed me commenting on the works hung in the gallery, which I could not see. Many introductions were made and more benign sexuality was felt. Theresa Rodrigues and I planned to pierce each others spinal collumns as a mutual introduction to surgical body-play & she agreed to search for suitable rings before the next nights events. We rallied to sleep at the Apt. of the Unknown Neoast. Flaming skulls, tentacles, worms, ice, metal, night-sticks, windows, sheets, numbers, distilleries, teeth & other objects were locked in orbit around my head, which was like smoke.

DISINTEGRATION & DISLIKE

I remember almost nothing clearly from the next day except trying to navigate in the Apt. My psychological state had deteriorated and I found it difficult to pull myself out of my disorientation enough to do anything. In the APT plans were being made to retrieve the impounded car. Peter Zaborecz apparently had various uniforms: boy-scout, surgeon, mermaid, etc... which he intended to wear for Neoast purposes. In the late afternoon we left the APT and walked towards the Stockwell Gallery. On the street, I kept my hand touching tENT's or Peter's shoulders. By chance we met Ottelie, Gordon W. and Theresa on the street, near where a large wedding was taking place. My

memory of these events is extremely unclear. That may have (also) happened the day before.

(. . . . .)

- It may have been on this day that I spent several hours with Stiletto and visited his studio at PS1, a prestigious state-funded art center. We entered the PS1 gallery & I shot footage of the artwork & was recorded commenting on it, as I was lead by Stiletto through disorienting installations, before a bewildered curator. The commentary was primarily "artsistorical". The exhibition was based around the theme of the Korean DMZ. I continued to film as we climbed up into the "artists-studios", where no guests are allowed. Stiletto had been rebuked by the administration for not producing enough work to justify his studio, & so planned an occupation of Neoasts to compound their complaints. He left me alone in his barren room for an hour while he went to find a broken record player to burn with a blowtorch in performance. As I waited blindly in the room singing, whistling & clapping against its reverberation, I didn't realize that there was a pile of unraveled barbed "razor-wire" on the floor in front of me. Stiletto wanted to transport an object he had made across town from the PS1 to his Apt. The object was a circular mirror, called "Look Sharp" the frame for which was a band of razor-wire. We carried it jointly & without of a case onto the underground at "rush hour"*, packed in with barely room to breathe. As we descended into the station, I hallucinated trainlines like vast tentacles projecting from a colored field located as my head. I felt extremely euphoric. On the train someone very nervously asked Stiletto what the razor-wire was & he replied "steel". -

(. . . . .)

We arrived at the stockwell where a scene similar to the night before was taking place. Almost immediately someone I hadn't met dragged me across the room to where an "installation" was and stuck my hand into broken glass and some thick goo, probably paint and glue mixed, which smeared all over me. Stiletto walked around with a lit blowtorch sticking out of his shoulder-bag. An evening of presentations was planned, with almost continual accompaniment from a boom-box. I talked & messed around with people, a bunch of whom flipped me upside-down and made me run on my hands, out the door of the gallery and onto the street - and may have done the same to Theresa, I can't remember. Theresa made me run down the street at top speed, and made me bang my head on a stopsign.

At some point early on, we went to the Bridge bookshop where tENT and I sold (or traded) a bunch of WiDEMOuth Tapes, and tENT was invited to work & run the store alone for an hour despite the fact that they had never met him before. He accepted and I had charming conversation with Marni, whose shift he was supplementing, and then went for a cup of coffee with Debbie and then returned to the gallery. I found talking extremely difficult, although in many ways my entire experience suggested to me that socializing is more pleasurable without vision (at least under such circumstances.)

During an action by Pamela Stockwell & friends the Police arrived with threats of closing things down & met with verbal abuse and pacification. Theresa Rodrigues and I quickly cut eggplant on a table while the hatred grew. The police intervention reverberated for the rest of the evening, giving an excuse for fighting & dislike between the participants. A group of scrap-metal players (including someone named "Steve") dragged hundreds of pounds of metal into the gallery & engaged in playing & then in altercations with Pamela Stockwell & one of the Monty Cantsins for the rest of the night. Both "sides" of the slander tried to rally active support by forcing almost everyone in the space to talk about the conflict all night, thus preventing any thing else from happening. Peter and tENT tried to produce bOOED uSIC but were drowned out & ignored. Texts on the wall proclaiming the value of Censorship, which had been crossed out, were duely followed by many of the participants. Steve threw a willing tENTATIVELY across the room like a beach-ball, after asking his permission, in an attempt to catalyze some slam dancing. Gordon W. Zealot prepared another meal for the participators & I played his Kohl Drum, afterwhich he dedicated a short piece of drumming to me. As we left the Gallery, Steve stood outside screaming "gentrifying Bitch!" ktp... at Pamela Stockwell, the "owner" of the Gallery.

NEOAST HOSPITAL

(for technical details on this section, refer to "If we can keep a severed head alive..." by C.R. Fleming).

We arrived at Stiletto's Neoast Hospital by ambulance. It was a temporary military installation occupying part of PS1, surrounded by bands of Razor wire preventing the entry of prying FDA inspectors. Inside the Hospital, the Neoasts were to be cured of Neoasm in a sterile & featureless environment. Afterwards, the hospital would dissolve itself, as PS1 regulations still required that no guests stay overnight, and no temporary Neoast healthcare facilities be set up.

We spent the night undergoing disorienting & painful treatment (including smooching), and in the end I was cured, at least temporarily, of Neoasm.

EMBEDDED

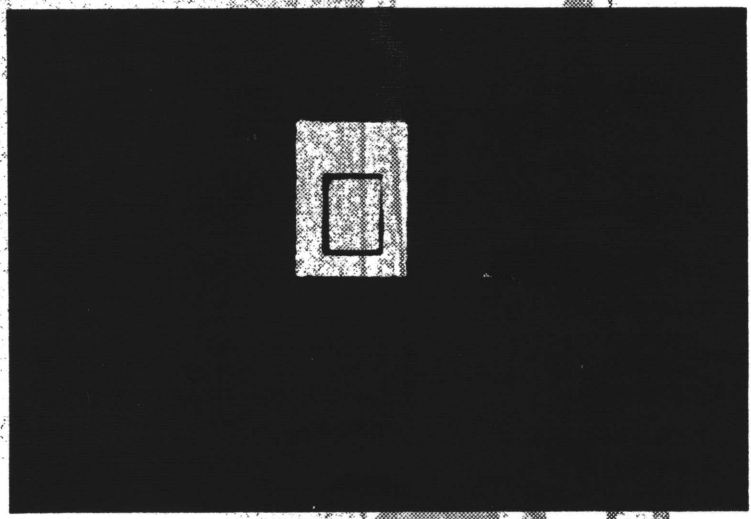
I spent the next day ("End of the World Saturday") with Jamaica & Debbie, recovering, resting & playing while tENTATIVELY & Peter left to participate in the Flaming Iron March in Tompkins square park, & the later festivities with Jack Smith, Gordon, Monty & some village voice (sic.) reporters.

THE BLACK LIGHT IN THE PURE WHITE COLORS

The next day, which was the last day of the APT, everyone in the Unkown Neoast's Apt. slept to make up for the disintegration of their sleep-cycles. Norman, one of the Fourteen Secret Masters of The World, called from Baltimore with eliptical instructions to help Debbie free her car.

We spent effort cleaning the apt to erase all traces of our illegal presence; washing towels, drying out toilet paper, erasing messages on the phone machine & fabricating our own "more believable ones", removing our smells. Somehow we left the apt, with a surprise car-ride from Petty Quarl, and went to Ricky Killreagan's apt, where the others deposited their belongings. We crossed the Lower East Side looking for a place to eat and finally realized we were long off-schedule: we had missed the Williamsburg Bridge actions, the end of the Festival.

Happy but despondent, again cured of Neoasm, I was led to the Aztec Black-Light bar. There the Blindfold was removed, inducing several hours of schizophrema & agonizing confusion.



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NEOAST OBSERVER

COMRADES OF A PREGROPERATIVISTIC HOMOSEXUALITY!

"Under it all, the activists of the Left always hope to be good policemen. They do not know that real policemen get in there more often then they do, and when this happens, they make love precisely with us gays! When will there be a free queer outlet for the activists of the ultra-left?"

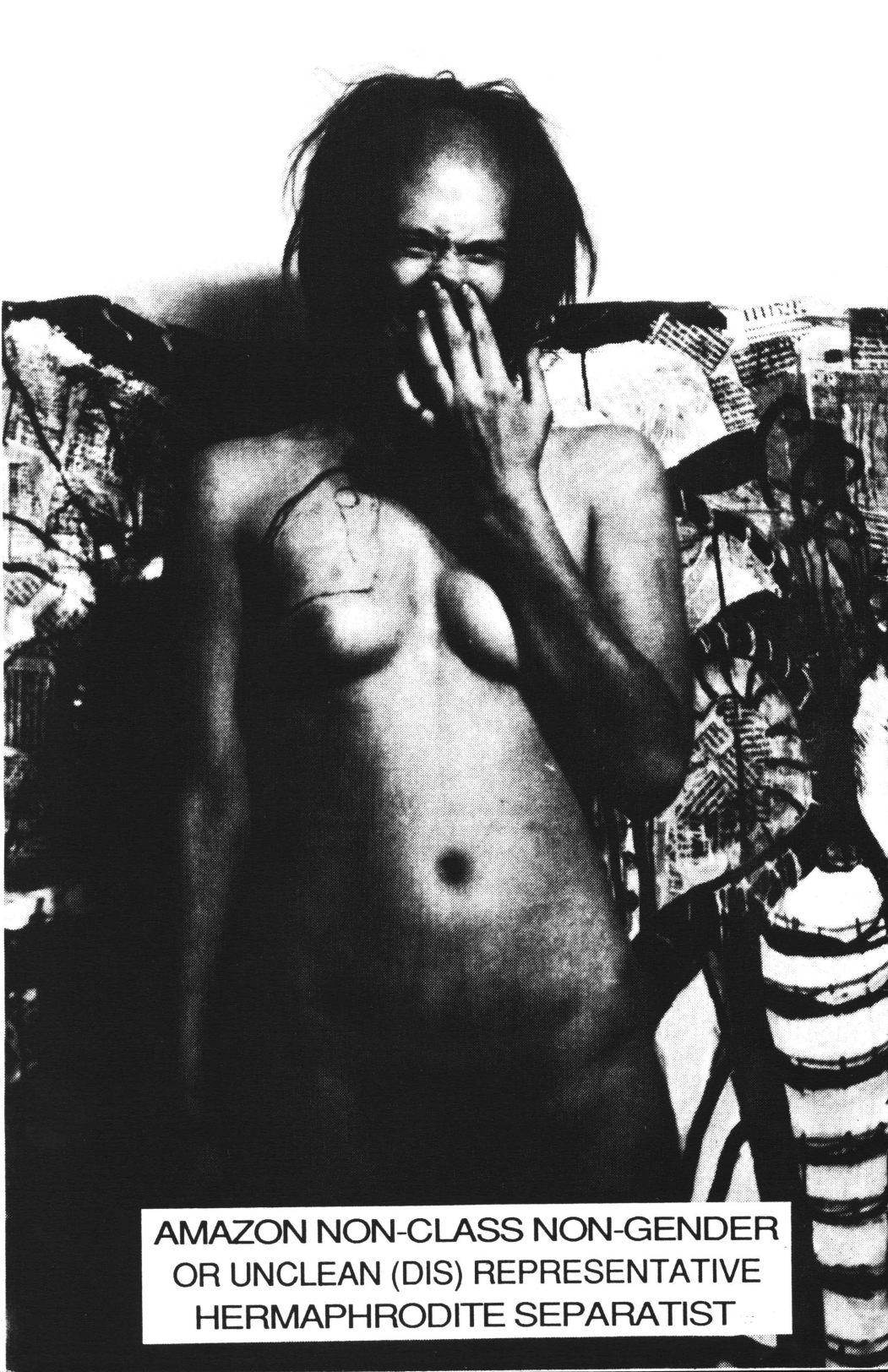
To those anti-psychiatrists who have worked to understand the repressed trans-sexual nature of desire, we maintain that the liberation of trans-sexuality cannot be obtained by a male and heterosexual redeployment of the classic psychoanalytic categories (substituting for Oedipus, for example, an Anti-Oedipus), but only by the revolution by women against male supremacy and the Queer revolution against the heterosexual Norm. And the standpoint of Queers, particularly of Queer women, can indicate the very important nexus which exists between their subordination and the general social subordination, drawing the thread that unites class oppression, sexual oppression and the suppression of free desire.

Sex and gender are social constructs which serve to separate and define the potentials of "individuals". They are both historically received and evolving to suit the quasi-conscious economic needs of capital.

In women as subjected to male 'power', in the proletariat subjected to capitalist exploitation, in the subjection of queers to the Norm, in the subjection of individuals to racism, we can recognize the abstract historical subjects in a position to overthrow the entire present social, sexual and racial domination. Women, Queers, Children, Blacks, Schizophrenics, Old people... live "outside" the Norm of capitalism, but are oppressed by it and ultimately contain the seeds for its destruction.

In the face of this qualitative leap, standing as we do before the prospect of communism, sexual repression is obsolete and only serves as an obstacle. In fact it maintains the forced sublimation that permits economic exploitation, the "theft of alien labour-time", the theft of pleasure (time) from women and man, the constriction of the person to a labour that is no longer necessary in itself, but only indispensable to the rule of capital. Heterosexuality becomes the condition of capitalist production, as a modality of loss of the body, a habituation to seeing this elsewhere, and generalized. The harnessing of eros to production, in fact, has never been really necessary, since free sexuality in conditions that are more or less favourable, naturally reproduces the species without needing to be subject to any kind of restraint. The problems of overpopulation can genuinely be resolved by the spread of homosexuality, the recreation of body experiences, and communist revolution. What will positively resolve the demographic tragedy is not the restriction of sex, but its liberation.

...and yet those of us who are "revolutionary" see it as absurd that we are not allowed to cruise openly, wherever we like, that we can't take off our trousers or petticoats wherever we happen to be...


AMAZON NON-CLASS NON-GENDER
OR UNCLEAN (DIS) REPRESENTATIVE
HERMAPHRODITE SEPARATIST

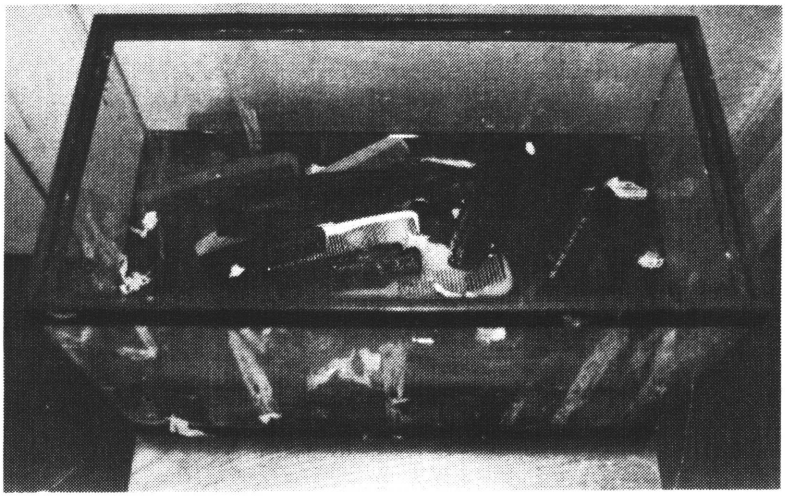
The "Art" of The "Insane"

The attitudes surrounding both the concepts of "Art" and "insanity" define certain of the naive banalities of this civilization. "Art" is a term used to group specific social languages (mediations of appearance) so that they seem to form a "continuity" within a constructed "realm of human self-expression", and thus be "universal". According to this conceit, people familiar with these languages may include the productions of the "insane" within them, just as they include the "crafts" of "other cultures". This cultural imperialism not only reduces the dissonant "content" of such production (by relating it to arbitrary systems such as aesthetics, or so-called "emotional self-expression") but also parasitically uses it to add new "content" ("value" which has not been exhausted by boredom) to the capitalist "art world". Collectors of the "Art of the insane" are a further symptom of this tendancy and directly profit from the false consciousness of "Art".

While it would be redundant to give an "exhaustive" critique of the concept of "Insanity" or to discuss its general social function, it is important that some steps be taken to extend such criticism into the realm of "High Culture". The false consciousness associated with "Art Brut" can be understood as repressive society attempting to intuit a supposedly polymorphous reality outside its boundries. The term "Raw Art" implies that the production of the "Insane" is of value because it is somehow "natural", harkening back to a consciousness *before* socialization, a fairytale of "innocence". The term "Outsider Art" implies only that there is an understandable division between the "Inside" and "Outside" of socialization, and thus has fewer overtly nauseating connotations. When examined closely, though, the supposed comprehendable division from socialization is seen as an ideological mystification and it is clear that there can be no useful distinction between "Sane" and "Insane". As catagories of experience, both are limited constuctions of the "Sane" world and reinforce its imperialistic consensus. So-called "normal behavior" is absolutely "Insaine", pathologically grounded in self-deception, repression and mystical worldview. On the other hand, the so-called Insane are often irreducibly pragmatic, exhibiting normal behavior in abnormal situations, and taking the reality in which they find themselves literally to the point of "Schizophrenia". Both conditions are inseparable and that human thought and behavior are "material" rather than "coherent".

"Cyberpunk Literature"

The anarchronistic genre of pulp novel called "Cyberpunk" is exemplary of the combination of cynicism and naivete which makes most "postmodern literature" worthless. "Cyberpunk" plagiarizes aspects of previous, more "radical" genres of "science-fiction" and popularizes them by organizing their material around the ususal reactionary pulp themes: heroic male characters, individual accomplishment and adventure. While as a whole the genre is vaugely "Distopian" in tone, it ironically project the myth of the "lone wolf" into descriptions of the very contemporary technologies which will make all "rebellion" increasingly impossible. The cyberpunk heroes, like the heroes of all conservative dramas, rise above the "human scum" of the underclass because they are the "best" men in a "world gone wrong." While the Cyberpunk authors may describe certain "horrors" of technology, they completely fail to extend these "realities" to the worlds they create, or into the context of the "real world" to which their "fiction" nostalgically refers: The "reality" of "oppression."



AESTHETICS REDEEM CIVILIZATION

SMILE is an international magazine of multiple origins. The same name is used by anyone who wishes to put out a magazine. "Multiple names", misattribution, anonymity and so forth are used in "public" and "private" life to undermine the productive function of language and to concretely question the social construction of individual identities.

This issue of **SMILE** was produced immediately before the Art Strike of 1990-1993. As of 1990, **SMILE** magazine will close though it is clearly unlikely that it will leave a very noticeable void in the terrain of culture.

PO Box 22142 Baltimore, Maryland, 21203 US@

TOWARDS

A NAIVE

OPPORTUNISM

SMILE

COLLECTIVITY INDIVIDUALLY
REALIZED AND ABANDONED